

Mrs C. A. Armfield

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DR. B. W. SPILMAN



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OUR COMMENCEMENT SPEAKERS.

WE consider ourselves peculiarly fortunate in securing Dr. B. W. Spillman to preach our annual sermon this year. We take pleasure in having his picture in our magazine. Dr. Spillman is no stranger either in New Bern or in our school. We remember distinctly one chapel talk that he gave our school last year. He has a way of getting at the roots of things and he also possesses the happy faculty of putting his ideas in clear language.

While we have not been able to secure a picture of Dr. Dred Peacock, who is to deliver our literary address, yet we are glad that he is certainly to be with us. Dr. Peacock is well known in the State as one of our leading citizens. He was for years connected closely with the educational work in North Carolina being president of Greensboro Female College. We are looking for something great from Dr. Peacock.

THE ATHENIAN

COMMENCEMENT SONG.

'TIS JUNE, THE MONTH OF ROSES,
OF GOLDEN, SUNNY HOURS,
OF LIQUID BIRD-NOTES CALLING,
THE MONTH OF SUN AND FLOWERS;
AND NATURE'S MYRIAD VOICES
FROM FIELD AND STREAM REPEAT
THE SONG OUR HEARTS ARE SINGING
COMMENCEMENT DAY TO GREET.

LIFT THEN YOUR VOICES, CLEAR AND STRONG!
HOPE GILDS THE FUTURE'S WAY;
LOVE LIGHTS THE PAST WE'VE KNOWN SO LONG.
HAIL TO COMMENCEMENT DAY!

RIGHT JOYFULLY WE HAIL THEE,
O LONG-EXPECTED DAY!
YET THERE'S A THRILL OF SADNESS
THAT WILL NOT PASS AWAY.
FOR AUTUMN'S GOLDEN WEATHER
NO MORE FOR US WILL TELL
THE HOUR OF GLAD RETURNING
TO SCENES WE'VE LOVED SO WELL.

NO MORE THE GOOD OLD FRIENDSHIPS,
NO MORE THE WELL-KNOWN WAYS;
FOR US NEW PATHS MUST OPEN,
NEW DUTIES FILL OUR DAYS.
BUT TIME CAN NEVER ALTER
DEVOTION TRIED AND TRUE,
AND MEM'RY WILL MAKE SWEETER
THE JOYS THAT HERE WE KNEW.

SO, CLASS-MATES, STAND TO-GETHER,
AS HEARTILY WE RAISE
ONE LOYAL SONG AT PARTING
ONE ALMA MATER'S PRAISE.
MAY FORTUNE SMILE UPON HER,
MAY MEN HER NAME ENTHRONE,
AND WE FOREVER CHERISH
HER HONOR AS OUR OWN.



TREES.

ON Arbor Day, Mr. R. A. Nunn made a most interesting talk on trees, to us in our auditorium which we enjoyed very much. We now think that we know more about them than before.

We would like very much to print the whole speech in our Magazine but owing to the lack of space we can only print a very short part of it.—Editors.

Trees were created and made to grow out of the ground on the third day in the history of the world as will be found by reference to the first chapter of Genesis. Since this time they have been found in all climates except the coldest, but the number of species, as well as their luxuriance of the forests, is greatest in the tropics. As we advance towards the polar regions, or ascend high mountains, trees disappear before other forms of vegetation. Wherever found they have been closely associated with the lives of men and women. The first woman took an undue interest in a certain tree which grew in the Garden of Eden and caused her husband to participate in her curiosity and thereby brought about all the sorrow and trouble and work which we have fallen heir to.

So useful and necessary are trees to man's exist-

ence on earth that we rarely find trees growing where men do not live, and in the remote regions where trees do not grow the product of trees is eagerly sought after. From them we get sugar, medicines, clothes, furniture, carriages, boats, paper, food, drink, light, and heat.

We have famous trees in America, one the most famous being the Charter Oak in Hartford, Connecticut, and it is said that when Sir Edmand Andrews came to Hartford in 1687 by command of King James II to resume the charter of the colony, the charter was concealed in a hollow of this oak, which was blown down in August 1856.

And in the year 1775 when Richard Montgomery was ready to set out and join Schuyler on his northern expedition for the purpose of invading Canada in the war of the Revolution, he was living at Rhinebeck on the Hudson; his brother-in-law was walking over the grounds with him a day or two before he left home and the young patriot suddenly stopped and stuck a willow twig into the ground saying as he did so, "Peter, let that grow to remember me by." It is now a noble tree growing where he stuck the twig, with a trunk fully ten feet in circumference.

Of course we have heard of the cherry tree which George Washington got mixed up with, and about which more stories have been told than any other tree on record.

At Chapel Hill on the University campus there are many trees of historical interest, on account of being linked with the memory of distinguished men. Most of them are magnificent oaks, the like of which we seldom see in this section. The State capitol at Raleigh is surrounded by the same kind of trees, and few men become acquainted with them without form-

ing a sincere attachment which seems to animate their grandeur. At Charleston, S. C., there are trees the mere sight of which is worth going to see. I was at a plantation west of New Orleans a few months ago and the fifty or hundred aged gigantic, virgin, forest oak trees standing in the yards and spreading out fifty or sixty feet in a latitudinal direction their limbs covered with gray moss waving with the smothered hush of the winds, reminded me of as many spectres of the ages which had passed in their time over Indians so civilized that they enjoyed many things which advanced civilization, has brought to use but were unknown to Europeans.

Our city has famous and historic trees also. In the Episcopal Church yard there is a hickory tree which once used to be beautiful, but was struck by lightning a few years ago. It is older than the city itself.

Commodore Aulick of the U. S. Navy brought a willow shoot from the grave of Napoleon and gave it to the late J. H. Bryan of Raleigh, who planted it at Raleigh. Colonel Whitford from this tree took a scion and brought it to New Bern and planted it in the Baptist Church yard on Middle street where it grew into a fine tree. During the last few years it has been removed. The stump is still to be seen.

There is another tree around which local history clusters. I refer to the stately cypress trees growing in the yard of Mr. S. W. Smallwood. Historians of the State fix the building of the first vessel in North Carolina in New Bern and it was under that tree, so said our fathers living in the Revolution who received

the information from their fathers and we think it can be taken as true.

“Stern dwellers of the shore
Two centuries thou cans’t count
And perhaps as many more.”

The sugar-berry trees on Johnson street were planted by the father of the late A. T. Jerkins. The boys of every generation for nearly one hundred years have found out the location of these trees as the neighbors will testify.

The first pecan tree was planted in this town by the late Mrs. F. J. Jones about 80 years ago on the lot situated at the corner of Pollock and Eden street. This lot was formerly owned by his excellency Colonial Governor Wm. Tryon who acquired many lots adjacent to this property.

“Every good tree bringeth forth good fruit.” Let us in this generation plant trees for ourselves and the next generation. If any of you become famous we will point out the tree as your tree. Whether you become famous or not you will at least have made the world better for having planted a tree.

VIOLETS.

(KATHLEEN CHARLTON)

Down beside a rushing brook
’Neath the shady hemlock trees
The bluest violets have their nook
And nod their heads to the whispering breeze.

BEING A DOG.

(LACY MEREDITH)

"Oh dear," sighed Brownie, "I'm so hungry and tired, I wish I might lie down; this yard looks so nice and cool I believe I'll rest among these rose-bushes."

When he had gotten settled, he heard voices on the other side of the rosebushes.

"You can have that side, Marion, for your play-house."

"'Lizabeth, I won't have it, you'll have to have it, this side is mine anyway."

"Well, have it your way, but I see something moving behind the rose-bushes."

"Mama!" screamed Marion, "there's a horrid old brown dog in my playhouse."

Brownie, foreseeing trouble ran away.

"I shall try this next yard," he thought, but no sooner had he lain down, than 'bang' went a broom on his back, and a harsh "Git" made him scamper away.

Stopping before an open gate, Brownie watched some boys shoot sling-shots.

"Oh look who's here," shouted the largest boy. "I bet I can hit the end of his tail inside of three goes," and saying this he let fly a stone. Brownie, hearing it whiz by, thought that he had better not give the boy another chance.

"Nobody seems to want me about," he soliloquized, "I wish I could find a home."

"Hey there, get out of that flower bed," was the

next shout that greeted Brownie's now drooping ears, "I'm trying to win the prize offered for the prettiest show of flowers."

As Brownie turned to go away, he heard a very shrill whistle.

"Here, doggie," was the welcome cry, "here."

Brownie bounded across the street to his new master.

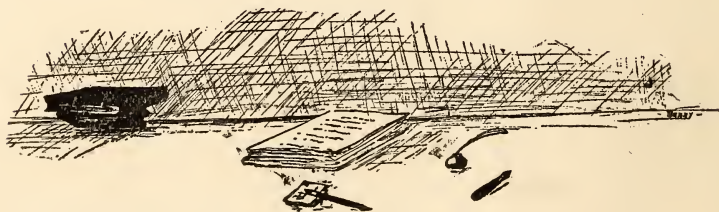
"Mother, I've got what I've been wishing for, a dog," called Frank.

"I expect he is mangy," she said before seeing him."

"No he isn't either, he's a dandy, O yes, I shall name him Dandy."

"Well, go feed him, and fix him a bed," said Frank's mother.

"Here Dandy," called Frank skipping into the kitchen, "come get your dinner."



THE UNITED STATES FLAG.

(RODERICK DAVENPORT, SA Grade)

THE first flag used by the Colonists was of course that of Great Britain, but at different times and at different places a few minor changes were made in it, often though the various colonies used their coat of arms for a flag. A pine-tree once appeared in the flag of the New England colonists and was called the pine-tree flag.

In 1686 the United Colonists of New England, under Gov. Andros began using a flag which was a cross of St. George borne on a white field, occupying the whole flag, the centre of the cross was emblazoned with a yellow gilt crown over the cypher of the sovereign King, James I. This New England flag seems to have gone out of use by 1707 when Great Britain adopted for her whole realm, the Union Flag of King James.

During the Revolutionary war each colony used an emblem of its own, frequently the coat of arms of the colony.

For some time the rattle-snake had been a favorite emblem for many colonists.

After the outbreak of hostilities, banners appeared bearing representations of the thirteen American colonies. In 1775 the Pennsylvania Journal published an emblem representing a rattle-snake in thirteen parts, each of which bore the initials of one of the thirteen colonies and beneath the whole was written "Unite or Die."

February 8, 1776, Col. Headstone of the Marine Committee of the Continental Congress, described to Congress a flag which was used by the commander-in-

chief of the American navy, a flag with a field of yellow and the representation of the rattle-snake in the act of striking and beneath was written "Don't tread on me."

January 2, 1776 a new flag was raised at Cambridge, where the American Army was then stationed, their flag retained one Union Jack to indicate that the colonists still recognized Great Britain. In addition to the Union Jack was a field of thirteen stripes alternate red and white to represent the thirteen American colonies.

The real birthday of the "American Flag," however, was June 14, 1777, when Congress decided that the flag of the Thirteen United States should have thirteen stripes alternate red and white, also thirteen white stars on a blue field. At this time there was not any suggestion as to how the stars were to be arranged or how many points each should have.

The first flag is said to have been made by Mrs. Elizabeth Ross, flagmaker at 239 Arch street, Philadelphia, Penn.

There is much uncertainty as regards the use first made of this new flag but it is probable however that it was first used at Fort Kanevix (now Rome) N. Y., on Aug. 6, 1778.

No change was made in the flag until January, 1794, when two new States were admitted to the Union. Congress then enacted that after May 1795, the United States flag should have fifteen stripes alternate red and white, that the union be fifteen stars white in a blue field.

No further change was made until 1818 when five new States, Tennessee, Ohio, Louisiana, Indiana, and Mississippi, having been admitted Congress enacted

April 4, 1818 that from and after July 4, next the flag of the United States should be thirteen stripes alternate red and white in a blue field and that on the admission of every new State in the union one star should be added to the union of the flag.

The flag of the United States has floated over more victories on land and sea than any other on earth. It was this beautiful flag which inspired Sir Francis Key as he lay a prisoner on the British prison ship to write the famous patriotic song the "Star Spangled Banner." Our flag is the flag above all other flags, it stands for protection both civil and religious, for justice and opportunity. This land over which Old Glory floats is the most blessed on earth today. It is a flag worthy of the loyalty and admiration of the most progressive people on earth today. May it never be furled!

WHAT?

Thou art a beautiful little flower,
That blooms out there in my garden bower.
You bloom out clear with the morning sun
You bloom in the hearts of everyone.

Your face looks Heavenward all day long
You never fib or do any wrong.
You have the taste of a fair young queen,
Your robe is partly of purple set in green.

The stately Hyacinths, they cannot compare
With your grace that's found every where.
The flower of pureness, the lily it is

The flower of modest simplicity, guess what this is.

—ELLEN GUION

OUR STATE FLAG.

(BERTHA GASKILL.)

POSSIBLY one of the most important affairs of a Nation or State is its flag. It is the proud emblem by which it is known on land and on sea.

The Irishman away from home, is filled with the greatest enthusiasm when he beholds the colors of his native country, and with tears in his eyes thinks of the dear old "Killarney" of his childhood.

What American in a foreign land would fail to recognize the stars and stripes, and feel his heart throb with pride and joy as he looks on the emblem of his native land?

The flag is a bond existing between the people and their country. We seem to feel a sense of protection, a spirit of love abiding wherever its folds wave gently o'er us.

If our national flag then is such an important factor in our lives our State flag should even be more so. What North Carolinian is not moved by the song "Carolina, Carolina, Heaven's blessing attend her"? The flag is the emblem of this dear land and it ought to be the duty of every one to know something about it and its history.

For the past few weeks the Tenth Grade has been making the North Carolina flag in the Domestic Science Department, and we take advantage of this occasion to give its description and also a few historical points concerning it.

The shape of the flag is that of a large rectangle, nine feet long by six feet wide. Two-thirds of the whole flag is composed of two strips of bunting each

four feet long by three feet wide. The bottom strip is of white, while the top is of red.

The corner, which comprises about one-third of the whole flag, is made of a strip of dark blue bunting, three feet by six feet. In the center of this blue corner is a lone white star, with the white letters, "N" on one side, and "C" on the other. This star represents North Carolina, formerly one of the original thirteen States. Across the top of the blue corner is inscribed on a white scroll the date "May 20th, 1775," in blue letters. At the bottom also in blue letters on white scroll are the figures "April 12th, 1776."

It may seem strange to some, but few know exactly what these two dates mean.

The date May 20th, 1775 should be remembered by every Carolinian with pride, as on this day the "First Declaration of Independence in America" was made at Charlotte, Mecklenburg county.

North Carolina played a great part in the "Revolution," when the young American colonies were trying to withdraw from the bonds of England and gain their independence. It was at New Bern, N. C., that the first Provincial Congress was held on August 25, 1774, and such men as Harvey, Caswell, Hewes, and Hooper were elected as delegates to the Continental Congress.

This congress was the first great step in the Revolution which was to deliver North Carolina and America from a distant King and Parliament. It was a bold and hazardous step in the men who presided over the meeting, but safely in the end was the reward of those who thus dared to be free.

After the meeting of this first Congress, there were to all observers of intelligence throughout the world signs of an approaching rupture between the

Royal Government and the people of North Carolina. Every day widened this breach and matters were more difficult than ever to arrange. On the 11th of February, 1775 Governor Martin ordered an election to be held for a new legislature to meet in New Berne, the third of April; Colonel Harvey also issued handbills for the election of another Congress to be held the same day.

Both elections were held and the same persons were members of both the House of Assembly and of the Congress with only three exceptions. Colonel Harvey presided over the meetings. When sitting as the House of Assembly, members called him "Mr. Speaker," but when sitting as a congress they called him "Mr. Moderator." The Congress met at nine o'clock and the Assembly at ten in the morning. These proceedings some say were separate and distinct, while others that it was otherwise, in fact that at one moment the members would be sitting with "Mr. Speaker" Harvey as a House of Assembly, under the authority of the British Crown, or another with "Mr. Moderator" Harvey as a Congress in defiance of the Crown.

As both houses of the Legislature met Governor Martin in the palace, as was the custom of the day, at the beginning of a session, he saluted them with indignant remonstrances, which were most ably answered by an address by Captain Robert Howe, of Brunswick. A chief ground of his complaint was that the Assembly should take no action against the Congress. He was soon reminded however that as the Assembly had had no control over its sessions, holding them at the Governor's will and pleasure only, that a Congress that did have control over itself was absolutely necessary for the protection of the people.

The result was a proclamation dissolving the Assembly on the fourth day of its session.

The Congress however could not be dispelled and proceeded in its work with deliberation. The same delegation was returned to Philadelphia and article of association, pledging the members to refrain from all commerce with England was signed by all except one.

It was seen that a crisis was near at hand. Boston had been held for months past in a state of siege. At length on April 19th came the encounter at Lexington. This little skirmish, small as it was, set the hearts of a continent afire with its tidings.

As there were no railways or telegraphs at that time, it was fully two weeks after the battle before Richard Caswell heard of it in Petersburg, Virginia. A courier was hurrying southward with the tidings, but it was not until May 19th that the people in Mecklenburg, in North Carolina, became aware of what had occurred. At the village of Charlotte upon that day a great number of the leading men of that county had assembled. Fired at the nature of the startling intelligence, they held a convention, and having remained in session all night, on the morning of the 20th passed resolutions of independence that will immortalize their names.

Having given historical points of interest about May 20th, 1775, we will next take up the date at the bottom of the blue corner, April 12, 1766.

This date should be written large in the annals of history, for on this day the fourth Provincial Congress at Halifax declared for absolute independence of the mother country and foreign alliances. Later on the 4th day of July, 1776 the Continental Congress at Philadelphia also acceded to the wishes of North

Carolínians, and declared for independence. This news of course was received with great joy by everyone in our State.

We have a flag which we should be proud of, one whose record in history is everything that can be desired by a liberty loving people.

A SHIP OFF HATTERAS.

(PEARL JENNETTE, SA Grade)

"Come, sister," said Robert rushing in the room, "and let's go see the ship."

"What ship?" asked Rose, laying down her book all ready for a trip."

"Why haven't you heard about the ship that came ashore on the Diamond Shoals this morning? It is blowing so hard that it almost seems impossible for any boat to reach them, but the life-saving crew were getting ready to make an attempt to reach them when I left. But hurry if you want to go. There was a large crowd on the beach when I left."

"Wait a minute and let me get a wrap."

Rose soon returned with a large cloak thrown around her shoulders. A large crowd had gathered on the beach. Rose and Robert came up just in time to see the little boat bearing the life-saving crew fail in her attempt to reach the ship. The ship was about one mile and a half from the shore. As the crowd on the beach were straining their eyes to watch every

movement of the ship, three men could be plainly seen clinging to the mast waving for help. One of the men belonging to the life-saving crew stepped forward and said to the keeper:

"Captain, do you see those men clinging to the mast yonder? With your permission I will be willing to risk my life in making another attempt to save them. Perhaps some of the sailors on that ship have wives and children waiting for them at home."

"Of course I would be willing to let you go. But you know it is impossible to reach them in such a storm at this, and besides you cannot go alone. Who will volunteer to go with this man in another attempt to reach the ship?"

A few other men stepped forward without delay. The life-boat was again fitted up. The crowd on the shore eagerly watched the little boat. As she went down behind a breaker it seemed as if she would never rise again. At last the little boat, having passed through many dangers, reached the ship. The crowd on shore were almost breathless, not a word was spoken as the men on the sinking ship were transferred to the little boat. Now the dangerous journey of reaching the shore had to be made. The storm seemed to take on new life just as the tiny boat started on its return trip. It truly seemed that no boat could stand those waves but at intervals, painfully long ones, she was seen riding the waves and bravely struggling shoreward. At last she drew near enough for those on shore to catch bits of the conversation between the men on the boat. "Steady, all together" rang out above the wind and roar of water from the leader. When the boat scraped along the sandy shore there arose a mighty shout from the crowd on shore as they quickly seized the well-nigh exhausted men and carried them out of the storm.

A HUNGRY NEWSBOY.

(MARY GASKILL)

My new boarding house was such a distance from my place of business that it was no longer possible for me to come home to the noonday meal. Therefore I began to take lunch at a restaurant nearby.

One day on approaching the restaurant, my attention was drawn to a famished looking boy, who was looking in the window at the good things within. My heart was stirred with pity for no one could possibly misinterpret his hungry look. I went to him and laid my hand on his shoulder and asked, "Are you hungry Johnny?"

The boy turned at the sound of my words.

"Aint I just?" he said.

"Could you eat a plate of meat if I gave you some?"

"Try me and see," was the reply.

"Come with me then."

The boy did not wait for assurance that I would pay for it, but shuffled in after me.

We found seats at one of the side tables and I handed Johnny the bill of fare.

Having studied it for a few seconds upside down, he handed it back.

"I can't read, boss," he said, "but get anything that is good."

While the waiter was busy fixing our order, I

asked the boy his real name.

"Julius," he answered.

"Anything else?"

"That's all the name I know."

"You can take another when you need it," I told him. "Did you ever hear of Julius Caesar?"

"Yes," answered the boy, "I've seen him, but I don't exactly know him."

"Who is he?" I asked in astonishment.

"He keeps a barber shop down in Mulberry street."

Here our conversation was interrupted by our order being placed on the table.

The boy's eyes glistened. He grabbed the spoon and started eating.

After Julius had disposed of two orders, he suddenly said, "I'm full."

When we were on the sidewalk the boy did not leave me, as I expected him to do, but walked beside me. When we had gone about two blocks he ran ahead of me and disappeared around a corner. When I reached the spot where he had disappeared I looked to see where he was. As he saw me stop, he said, "Say old fellow, that was a bully dinner you gave me."



A VETERAN IN BASEBALL.

(F. H. WILLIS, 9A Grade)

Description of Familiar Picture of Mathewson.

This photograph was snapped during one of the world's series games between the New York Giants and the Philadelphia Athletics in 1911. Christopher Mathewson, undoubtedly the world's greatest pitcher, is shown putting over one of his swift ones. In the background is shown the grandstand, which is crowded to its greatest capacity. By the position of Matty's hand it can be seen that he throws mostly with his arm, and his left foot, thrown well back, usually indicates speed. In such a contest a pitcher undergoes an awful strain, which is plainly illustrated by the look upon Mathewson's face. His features are strangely distorted and he has an anxious look as much as to say, "If I can only put this one over." Notice especially his mouth and eyes. His mouth is opened slightly and drawn down sharply in the corners, and his eyes have a haggard look. It takes a man of great will power to pitch in one of these contests because when a critical moment comes a pitcher is liable to lose control and thus lose a much coveted game.



JAMES' RESOLUTION.

(LACY MEREDITH, SA Grade.)

"Oh James," said Bessie in a vexed tone, "I wish you wouldn't be so cross."

"Shut up," came from the depths of an easy chair in front of the fire.

"Please don't talk that way, it is growing to be a part of you," she pleaded.

"What if it is, is it any of your business?" growled James.

"You know it is the first day of January," and after flinging this gentle hint at him, Bessie left the room.

When she was gone, James began thinking over what she had said. As he gazed into the fire, he saw little, very little manikins, each having on his back, a card, and on each card was printed a date.

"Oh dear, I shall be an invalid all my life," began the thirty-first of December, "James kicked me all around the room."

"But look at me, one of my eyes is put out, besides my arm is broken," interrupted the twenty-ninth of November.

"Here comes Christmas," said the Nineteenth of December, whose hair was all pulled out, "he got hit in the face with an orange."

"Only one, the Twelfth of September got out unscarred," broke in Labor Day, "I myself am burned awfully from a firecracker that James threw at me."

"O I know my head is cracked," whined the Fourth of July.

In came the baby, January the First, and his

clothes were all spotted with molasses. "James poured it on me," was his complaint.

This was too much for James, for he knew that he had taken the molasses pitcher that very day, and had poured it all over the dining-room floor.

"Well, January the Second won't be hurt in any way," burst out James.

"What's that?" came from the next room.

"I've made a resolution that I shall keep:—the rest of the year will not complain of bad treatment."

"Oh, I'm so glad," exclaimed Bessie as she put her arms around James' neck.

WHAT WAS IT?

(MARY ARMSTRONG, 8A Grade)

Many years ago, when my father was only a boy, sixteen years old, a very strange thing happened to him. Just a short while before, the cruel civil war began, when my grandfather had planned to fight on the Confederate side, but something occurred which prevented him from ever carrying out his plans.

One afternoon he was called to Plymouth, N. C., on some very important business, and he had to go by water, so he told my father to meet him at Cross Landing Bridge, strictly at 8:30 o'clock to accompany him home, and help to carry the load of parcels which he always bought on these trips.

Papa arrived at the bridge sharply at the appoint-

ed hour, in anxious expectance of his father, but failed to find him.

It was a pale, moon-light night, when dark, menacing clouds darted across the heavens, sometimes hiding from view, the bold face of the big, yellow, moon, and sometimes leaving behind them, blue patches of sky, from which the twinkling stars, startled by the flashing streamers of lightning, and peals of distant thunder, hid their merry faces behind the dark covering of clouds. The wind sighed wearily, and the washing of the waves beneath the bridge, splashed and foamed angrily against the sandy shore.

Time flew by and grandpa did not come, and papa began to look anxiously down the river for him, but could see no signs of his coming, so he seated himself on the bridge, to wait patiently his arrival, thinking that something had delayed him from starting early, and he would probably come in a few minutes. Thus, he sat for hours consoling himself with these thoughts, and watching the progress of the storm, which was then growing fiercer, and suddenly a heavy moan was heard under the bridge, which made him feel ill at ease and very lonely, but being a brave boy and always looking for the brightest side of things, said, "Oh, this is nothing, but the wind, and the washing of the waves on some log, but oh! I wish father would come. I am afraid something has happened to him, for he never has done this way before, in his life."

The noise was hushed and papa was growing very restless and uneasy, so he got up and walked up and down the shore looking in vain for his father. He then listened intently for his voice, which he thought might have been the moaning sound before, that was a long way off calling him, but instead of a human

voice, came pitiful dying moans from beneath the bridge, which made his heart sink within him and his breath come quicker and he asked, "Who is this, is that you, Father? Oh, Father! is that you? Answer me, are you drowning?" But he was only answered by the same dying moans, which almost curdled his blood, and he began to grow sick and faint.

Then a dead silence fell over everything, and a sound of heavy foot steps was heard splashing in the mud-holes, then came the noise of buggy wheels rattling in the bushes, and a man called out, "Andrew." Papa stepped to the side of the buggy and a gentleman who had ridden all the way from Plymouth said, "Andrew, my boy, I have some very sad news to tell you, your father has been drowned in the river near the shores of Plymouth and some fishermen found him about sun-set tonight. Get in my buggy and ride home."

HOW TO MAKE A FURNACE FIRE.

(ALLEN IVES)

To crawl out of a warm comfortable bed on a cold February morning and go down in a very chilly cellar to make a furnace fire is not a pleasant duty. It is an experience long to be remembered; an experience by which a person learns well the ways of conflagrations of many kinds.

My way of making a fire I like, because it's my way, and because after many days of experience I have learned to do it quickly.

Ours being a wood furnace, the fire is built on

a furnace floor, instead of on a grate as in a coal furnace. First, I push the ashes to either side in mounds, then in the hollow lay twisted newspapers. Across the paper I lay the kindlings, carefully interlacing the pieces and supporting one end of each piece on the bank of ashes. Then I light the paper, shut the furnace door and turn on all the draft. I let the door stay shut about three minutes then open it and put on a little more kindling, and now everything is ready for the substantial wood. If you want a large fire put on a good quantity of wood. If a small fire is wanted do not put on so much. I regulate the heat by the draft, and can heat the house in fifteen minutes.

That is the way I make a fire but the best way to keep warm is to stay in bed.





Editorials

We, the staff of 1912, publish this last issue of "The Athenian" with a feeling of gladness mingled with regret. Next year, "The old order changeth, yielding place to new," for, if luck is our way, we graduate this year, and enter into a new world, leaving our magazine for others to manage. We know we have worked, and although the results were far from perfect, they were the outcome of honest efforts. However, as we look back over the past year, the mistakes we have made, the opportunities we disregarded, and the things we did not do, come to our mind with a touch of remorse. But we realize that our faults may be examples to our successors, and we hereby warn the latter not to repeat them, so that they may accomplish more than we have.

Of course, in order to do things, more school spirit is needed. Many editorials have been written on this subject, so we hoping that they were read carefully and thoughtfully will not say very much concerning this very essential thing. Strange as it may seem, there are not many pupils in the High School who really

support the magazine. Now it is absolutely necessary for every one to be personally interested in it. Pupils should look upon it as belonging to him or her and so help it in every possible way. They should be ambitious for it to prosper, to become perfect in its different departments. Besides being a subscriber to it, each pupil ought to try to get at least one outsider to subscribe also, as we want our town people to back us. Now if everyone is interested, a large supply of money will be guaranteed for, then every business man will be made to feel he must advertise his goods in our columns. So with sufficient money promised we need not be tied down to a scanty limit of a few pages. Thus the quantity of our magazine will be warranted.

But money is not all. Another essential of a good magazine is to have plenty of stories, poems, and literary articles from which to select the best. No one should feel slighted, if a story written by some one else is printed in preference to his own. All this comes under the head of school spirit. Also, the very best pupils from the High School should be selected to run the various departments. The others need not feel left out, they must just feel they were not as well-suited for the position as the one that is chosen. We all know that only work can bring about material that is well suited for a first-class magazine, but as we have said, if every one is interested he or she will be willing to work. Thus the quality of our magazine will be warranted.

So, in conclusion the word of advice that, we, the old staff, leave to our successors is that they may be sure they will be able to meet the financial end. Also that they may be willing to work, in order to publish good material.

In addition to the foregoing expressions of wis-

dom acquired in bitterness and in sorrow we are hoping to leave all bills cancelled and a neat sum in the bank to start off with next year. We shall enjoy the distinction of being the first class to scramble out in this age of "frenzied finance" and we know that our memory will be blessed for this one thing done.

May "The Athenian" of 1913 be a success in every way, a round higher in the ladder of perfection!!

ON THE GREEN.

(BLANCHE GASKILL)

The improvements on the school grounds are many. Everyone is working hard, so that the place will look pretty this summer. On Arbor Day at recess, each grade planted a tree on the borders of the grounds, so that the future generations will have nice shade trees, like those we now have. Also they have devoted one section of the place to flowers. Every grade has its own flower-bed, in which the pupils have planted all kinds of flowers, which are rapidly springing up, showing fair advances for a pretty flower garden this summer.

Mrs. Fergusson has not been with us, as Domestic Science teacher, on account of poor health, and Mrs. Hancock has her place. Many favorable changes have lately been made in the Domestic Science Departments, which makes everything look more home-like. We are learning the real art of cooking, things which are useful and necessary to know. The sewing depart-

ment is working hard to finish up work by Parents' Week, which begins on May 6th.

The pupils of the high school are getting up a play called, "Bess Goes to Europe," which will be played on the last night of Parents' Week in the Auditorium of the Moses Griffin Building. As they have put much time, work, and thought on this play, we are expecting a success of it. This is the first play we've had in a real long time, and we certainly hope to have a large audience.

There was a musical concert in the Auditorium on Friday night, April 17th, which was gotten up by Mrs. Carraway, Miss Mary Willis, and Miss Wyatt. It was highly appreciated by a full house, the largest audience we have had to anything this year. The program was exceptionally good, in fact it was the best we've had in a long time, and everyone did his and her part well.

School will soon close, and examinations are at hand. Some pupils will get out of all examinations, having made the required 85 on all studies; others will get out of a few of them. Everybody is working hard, in order to make the term's average even out to the 85 mark. Examination week is a week of intense anxiety, on the part of some, to know whether they will be promoted or not, for 'tis awful to have to study all summer so as to stand the examinations over again in the Fall.

Mrs. Carraway is teaching the High School the

Commencement song, which will be sung in the exercises at the close of the school year.

Program for Commencement 1912.

Wednesday night, May 29th—Literary Address—Dr. Dred Peacock, High Point, N. C.

Thursday night, May 30th—Annual Sermon—Dr. B. W. Spillman, Kinston, N. C.

Friday afternoon, May 31st—Class Day Exercises.

Friday night, May 31st—Graduating Exercises.

A company of players, many of whom were formerly with the famous Ben Greet troupe will give two plays of Shakespeare on the Green about May 21st. This is an opportunity which rarely comes our way and we are looking forward with much anticipation to both performances.

HANNIS TAYLOR DEBATING SOCIETY.

(CHARLIE KEHOE)

On Friday, March the 8th, the regular monthly meeting of the Hannis Taylor Debating Society was called to order by President Bunting.

The subject for debate was, "Resolved that Immigration is Detrimental to the Best Interests of the

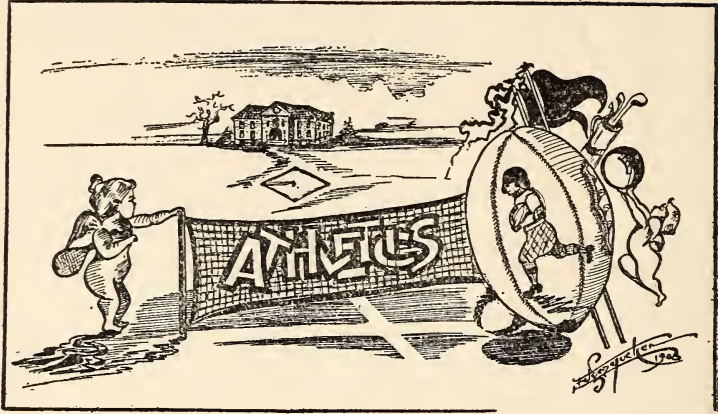
United States." Those representing the affirmative were, Fred Cohn, Albert Hibbard and O. J. Rock. Those representing the negative were, Charles McSorley, W. D. Cox and Zeb Hill. After a very interesting argument of the question by both sides the judges decided in favor of the affirmative. Rev. H. A. Merfeld was a guest of the Society on that day and made some very encouraging and interesting remarks. Upon motion the meeting adjourned.

The next meeting was held Friday, April the 12th, in the Ninth Grade class-room.

The subject for debate was: "Resolved that Children Under Fifteen Years of Age Should not be Allowed to Work in Factories." Those representing the affirmative were, Allen Ives, Malcolm Howell, and Lacy Meredith. The negative was represented by Carl Bunting, Wm. Bryan and Chas. Wooten. This was the first appearance on the floor of the above named gentlemen and all put up splendid arguments, especially Wm. Bryan and Carl Bunting. After listening to the arguments from both sides the judges decided in favor of the negatives.

The next meeting will be held May the 10th. The subject for debate is, "Resolved that the Captain of the Titanic was responsible for the accident."

Affirmative: King Bryan, Jno. Jones, Williams Bailey. Negative: Chas. Kehoe, Robt. Kehoe, Francis Willis.



ATHLETICS.

(W. B. BLADES, JR.)

On Friday, March the 22nd we played the first baseball game of the season with Washington High School on our home grounds.

The game was very interesting from the start as the first Washington batsman was safe on first, by an error by the first baseman and the next batter up proceeded to knock a home run, scoring the runner ahead of him as well as himself. After that we tightened up and retired the side in order. In our half of the first inning we made two runs, thus tying the score. At the ending of the fifth it began to rain and the score was eight to five in favor of New Bern. At the beginning of the sixth it began to rain so hard, that the ball could hardly be handled, and Washington made five runs in this inning which was due largely to errors caused by the ball being wet. The game was called in the be-

inning of the sixth. It was New Bern's game because at the ending of the fifth the score was 8 to 5 in New Bern's favor, as New Bern could not have their time at the bat on account of the rain. The batteries were: Washington: Shelton and Fowle; New Bern: Daniels and Scales. This game was Daniels' first appearance on the mound and he did very good work.

The second game was played with Washington at Washington and result in a victory for Washington to the tune of 9 to 7. The batteries were: New Bern: Daniels and Scales; Washington: Shelton and Fowle.

The third game of the season was played with Kinston High School at Kinston, and resulted in a victory for Kinston to the tune of 8 to 5. The New Bern players were unable to hit when hits meant runs. The features of the game were Daniels' and Bizzell's home runs and Scales' throwing to bases. The batteries were: New Bern: C. Kehoe, Daniels and Scales; Kinston: Hines and Tyndal.

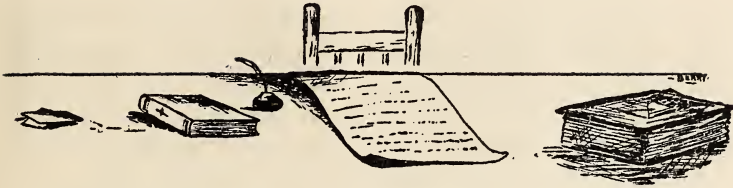
On Friday, April 12th, we again played Kinston and we started the game with a determination to win, which was carried out by a score of 9 to 2. McSorley, who pitched for New Bern, this being his first game, was in fine form and only allowed three hits, while the New Bern boys pounded the Kinston pitcher for 12 hits, including two hits over the fence. The whole team played fine ball, giving the pitcher perfect support. The game ended by a score of 9 to 2, a perfect victory for New Bern.

The next and last game of the season was played with Elizabeth City at New Bern, on April 25.

Willis, who started the game for New Bern, was wild and ineffective and after Elizabeth City had made two runs off of his delivery in the first inning,

he was replaced by McSorley. From the second inning the game was a real article of fast, snappy ball. Elizabeth City won by a score of 5 to 1. This was the last game of the season. We played five games, losing three and winning two, giving us a percentage of .400.





EXCHANGE

(BERTHA GASKILL.)

In our last issue of "The Athenian" we acknowledge with thanks the following March and April exchanges:

"The Lexington H. S. Magazine," Lexington, N. C.

"The Lenoirian," Hickory, N. C.

"Park School Gazette," Durham, N. C.

"The Red & White," West Raleigh, N. C.

"The Black Board," Rocky Mount, N. C.

"The Messenger," Durham, N. C.

"The State Normal Magazine," Greensboro, N. C.

"The Black Board," we are glad to note, contains quite a large amount of poetry. Poetry always improves a magazine so much by making it more attractive as well as interesting. The short story "The Eavesdropper," is well written and was enjoyed by all. We should not fail to mention also "Fritz Barber," and "How He Did It."

The picture of the future Y. M. C. A. building in the "Red & White" is very attractive. Such a build-

ing will be a great improvement to A. & M. College. The Literary Department in this magazine is very full, and such articles as "The Gyroscope and Its Principle," and "The Military Life of Sidney Lanier," etc., are very instructive as well as interesting. The stories as usual are very entertaining.

We enjoyed reading the story, "The Attraction Of Opposites," in the "Park School Gazette." "Happy Days," a poem, is well written, also "The Slave Question," a literary article.

The Departments of the "Messenger" are always well written showing that much time and thought are spent on them. We wish to mention the opening poem "To Tennyson," which contains deep and beautiful thoughts about our favorite poet.

The Lexington H. S. Magazine as usual is one of our pleasant exchanges. "Julius Caesar: The Conquest of Gaul," and "Dickens as a Writer," are very interesting as well as instructive. We enjoyed the poetry in this issue very much.

"The Lenoirian" is lacking in stories and poetry in the March number, nevertheless it has a number of articles, which contain good advice and information, concerning "Habits," "Scientific Management," etc. Try to make your magazine a little more interesting and attractive.

We always enjoy reading the stories in the "State Normal Magazine." The essays. "John C. Burroughs" and "Negro Music" are well written, attractive, and instructive. The poems "Ode to Licinius," and "In a Garden," also deserve mention.

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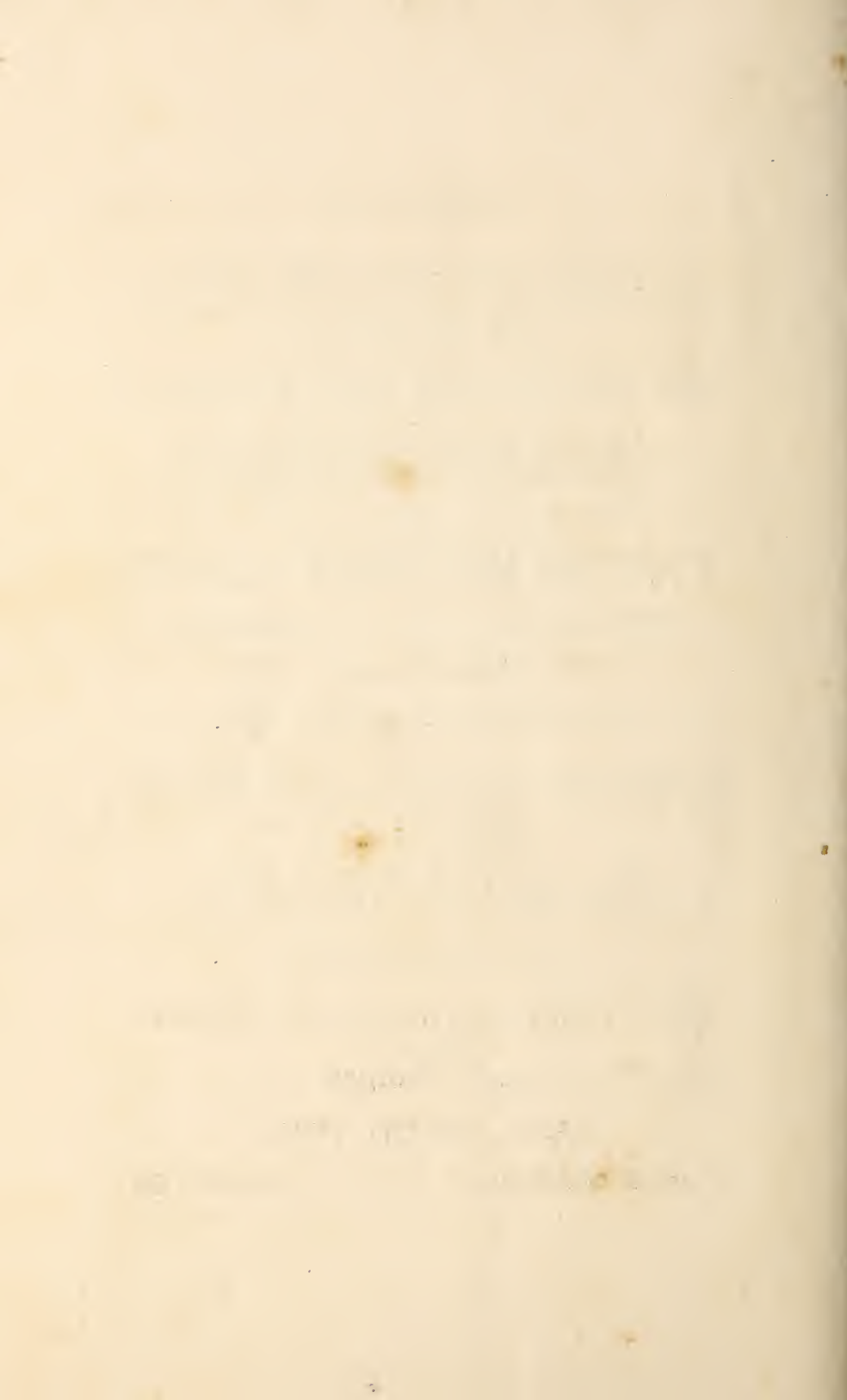
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